The Endless Race

By A.K.

About the Author

A.K. was born in Gustavia, a modest village nestled among the hills of 19th century Albania, where the rhythm of rural life and the closeness of community quietly shaped his earliest reflections. He was raised in a middle-class household, his father a humble clothes merchant known for honesty and quiet discipline rather than wealth or social standing.

From an early age, A.K. was drawn not to commerce, but to contemplation — often wandering fields, observing people, and questioning the invisible rules that governed human life. His early schooling revealed an unusual inclination toward philosophy, ethics, and human behaviour, subjects which would later form the backbone of his literary voice.

He pursued his academic path with persistence, eventually completing a Doctorate in Philosophy, where his studies focused on morality, human desire, and the quiet conflicts between material success and inner peace.

Unlike many writers of his era, A.K. did not seek fame through grand storytelling, but instead through reflective verse — poetry meant to be read slowly, and felt deeply. His works often explored labour, loneliness, ambition, and the silent emotional costs of progress.

Scholars of later generations would come to describe him as a Philosophical Moral Poetry writer, placing him among the deeply introspective literary voices of his imagined century.

Though never widely wealthy, nor socially extravagant, A.K. left behind verses regarded by later critics as timeless meditations on the human condition, and is often classified as one of the most thoughtful poetic voices of his time.

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Lo, behold the restless tide of men,
Who wander forth, yet know not when
Their race began, nor where it ends,
Still chasing gold, forsaking friends.

They barter time for glittered gain,
And crown their brows with silent pain;
For hearth grows cold and laughter dies,
While ambition veils their weary eyes.

The father toils through night and day,
Whilst childhood years all fade away;
The mother waits by darkened door,
For voices heard in home no more.

And when frail breath begins to flee,
And life bends low on bended knee,
Then cries the soul in mortal fright—
’Take all I own, but grant me light.’

Yet time, unchained by mortal plea,
Flows onward to eternity;
No coin may bribe, no wealth may sway,
The hand that steals our breath away.

Unjust, the world in quiet guise—
The poor seek bread, the rich seek ties;
One starves for food, one starves for grace,
Yet both are lost within the race.

Desire, a whisper, soft yet deep,

Denies the soul its rightful sleep;
Still urging man through endless climb,
Till he stands alone at edge of time.

And gazing back through years now flown,
He finds his victories made of stone;
For none remain his hand to hold,
Only echoes bought by gold.

O what is wealth when peace is slain?
What crowns success when hearts know pain?
What triumph sings when love is gone,
And night outlives the hopeful dawn?

Thus learn, O soul, whilst days are thine,
To cherish bonds no gold can bind;
Lest thou shouldst win the world entire,
Yet lose the warmth of human fire.